

THE WORLD.

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THE CIRCULATION OF THE
EVENING EDITION
OF
THE WORLD

for the week ending Saturday, Feb. 11.
was as follows:

MONDAY.....	114,540
TUESDAY.....	110,100
WEDNESDAY.....	104,360
THURSDAY.....	104,300
FRIDAY.....	100,680
SATURDAY.....	112,120

SIX DAYS' LABOR.

Senator VEDDER's objection to the Saturday Half-Holiday law, that it violates the commandment, "Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work," is entitled to the distinction of being unique.

Do the bankers and the Clearing-House people, who begin business at 10 o'clock and close at 3, obey this command? If thirty hours' labor a week complies with the divine injunction for money-shavers and coupon-clippers, why should working people be compelled to labor from six to seventy-two hours?

If Senator VEDDER will search the Scriptures more carefully he will learn that "God is no respecter of persons," and does not make one law for the rich and another for the poor.

THE VOTERS AROUSED.

The special election yesterday for Congressmen in the Eleventh Michigan District resulted in cutting down the Republican majority from 7,475 in 1886 to about 1,000.

The attitude of stubborn opposition to any reduction of the war taxes assumed by the Republican politicians has evidently angered the people.

GARFIELD was right. If tariff reform be resisted and defeated, tariff smashing will follow.

GOOD FOR THE MAYOR.

Mayor HEWITT's vigorous war upon the shockingly bad car-rails in use in this city is one of the best features of his administration. The Mayor was entirely right in saying yesterday that such a misuse of the streets as our railway companies persist in would not be tolerated in a foreign city for twenty-four hours.

The centre-bearing rail is ruinous to vehicles. It makes it impossible to keep the streets clean. It is a nuisance from every point of view. Unless corruption prevents it, this rail will go.

THE WORST ABUSE YET.

The action of SATURDAY STEPHENSON and his associates in forcing the abolition of the Labor Bureau at Castle Garden is the worst abuse of power yet indulged in by these petty tyrants.

This Bureau is maintained by Irish and German societies for the protection and help of friendless immigrants. It is the only thing that stands between thousands of unprotected and innocent strangers and the harpies that would rob or the rascals that would ruin them.

The good work of the bureau has been recognized by the public and attested by the Commissioners. And yet, to gratify an unworthy spite, its abolition is decreed. It is high time that either the Treasury Department or Congress took action to depose or to control these satraps.

FIE! GOVERNOR.

Has Gov. HILL no "sister, or cousin, or aunt" to assist him in receptions, that he invites 1,700 men alone to his splendid Executive Mansion?

A "stag party" of more than one thousand men! Why, this is no better than a town meeting or a State Convention. A reception to gentlemen only is like a flower garden devoted to cabbages and turnips.

Look to Washington, Governor, and see how this sort of thing ought to be done. And then get thee to a female seminary, or some other abode of femininity, and find a wife. Beauty and grace and kind-heartedness are great boom-promoters.

Mr. COVINGTON very truly says, in his brief in defense of the Comstocked art dealers, that men who look for indecency are very apt to find it where it does not exist to a healthful imagination or a pure taste.

There is a great deal of Presidential timber in the Republican party, but only one Dr. Brew. Who would not rather be Dr. Brew than President? To be both would be too much fortune for one man.

If the Saturday Half-Holiday law should be compelled to "go," at the behest of money-makers, some of the politicians who assist in the work will "go," too—and will not return.

The Republican "dark horses" are neighing and pawing in their stalls. When they are brought out next fall the people will do some nay-ing and kicking.

The standing conundrum: Does Mr. BLAINE's withdrawal withdraw? "R-r-read the answer in the stars."

The war-tariff journals pretend to a consuming desire to see President CLEVELAND's message circulated, but we notice that they take precious good care not to print it. Is

much safer to decry it as a "free-trade" document, intended to take the bread out of the mouths of voters that make up five-sixths of the Democratic party.

While Congress is preparing to get ready to begin to "investigate" the trusts the devil-fish is throwing out new feelers and squeezing the people with its old ones. Harpoon first and investigate afterwards!

SOME WELL-KNOWN FACES.

Bert. Lynch, of the Sixteenth, is a favorite with the men.

Patrimoine John J. Barron, of the Sixteenth Precinct, is off on a leave of absence.

J. F. Canfield has for twelve years looked after the wants of the guests at the Union Square Hotel.

Detective Logan, of the Sixteenth Precinct, is a fine-looking fellow. Capt. Grant and he are great friends.

Bernard Courtney is a leading wine merchant of Seventh avenue. He is a small man with a large brain.

Robert Cushing, the well-known sculptor, is again in town. His cheerful face is often seen in the corridors of the Westminster.

Harry Thompson, manager of the Western Union office at Twenty-third street and Eighth avenue, is one of the shining lights of Blackie Zouaves.

David A. Rowe, the publisher, is often seen in Cooper Union nowadays. Mr. Rowe has for a long time stood in the front rank of trade publishers.

A gentleman often seen admiring the art gems in the Morton House is Mr. Joseph Becker, for some time manager of the art department of Frank Leslie's.

Sgt. Polhemus, of the Twentieth street station, is a great favorite with the business men of the precinct. The sergeant is proud of the five stripes that encircle his sleeve.

Perhaps one of the best-known men who frequent the Fifth Avenue Hotel is Prof. J. Parson Price, the eminent musician and vocal teacher. Mr. Price is a man of dignified bearing and pleasing disposition.

When not engaged in bringing criminals to the feet of Justice handsome Capt. Killias, of the Forty-eighth street station-house, can be often found talking with friends in the corridors of the Grand Hotel.

Friends of Capt. Kelly, of the Nineteenth Precinct, are somewhat worried over a bad cold which he is suffering from. The Captain does not worry about it himself, however, but lays it to the changeable weather.

Detective Lawless, of Capt. Killias's staff, is a terror to the evil-doer. Lawless is a good example of what hard work and strict attention to duty will do for a man. He has risen from the ranks and is now one of the Captain's most reliable men.

Major Henry Wynne, of the English army, who may be found at the Coleman House, has been sent to this country to study the methods of executing criminals. Thus far his observations have led him to believe that electricity is by far the best plan.

Capt. Webb, of the Delancey street station, is a handsome man and an admirable officer. He has a great many friends in his precinct and some enemies. The enemies, however, are the criminals, who have good reason to hate and fear him.

Mr. Jimmy Morrissey, formerly manager of the Standard Theatre, is greatly missed in theatrical circles of the city. Since his recent marriage Mr. Morrissey has taken the road with the Dan Opera Company. His friends are looking forward with pleasure to his return.

Joseph Smith, as every one knows, is the proprietor of the Opera Hotel at Fourteenth street and Fourth avenue. Mr. Smith's cheerful countenance is seen every night on the ground floor of his hotel. From the theatrical profession Mr. Smith draws a large share of his patronage.

WORLDINGS.

Senator Farwell, of Illinois, has an income of \$700 a day. It is not many years since he was working in Chicago for \$3 a month.

During the past fifteen years 110,841 marriages have been solemnized in Chicago and 8,118 divorces granted. This is a ratio of one divorce to every fourteen marriages.

A whale 60 feet long was captured just off the coast near Morehead City, N. C., a few days ago. It struggled desperately, and a crew of a dozen men had all they could do to take it. It is expected to yield its carcass \$5,000.

Aunt Hannah Padelford, of Monroe, N. H., who is in her ninetieth year, is spending a busy winter. Since the cold weather set in she has knit nine pairs of stockings, seven pairs of mittens and one pair of jermens' leggings, besides spinning all the yarn she used.

Senator Ingalls's private secretary is his son Ellsworth, who is fresh from college and is studying law in Washington. He is described as a tall, blond young man, with long straight legs, slender body and small round head. He has the general air of a college-bred youth.

The highest salaried freak now travelling in this country is Mlle. Christine, the two-headed midget girl. She is paid about \$70 a week and has a white maid in constant attendance upon her. She is twenty-six years old and has saved enough from her salary to buy a fine farm and a mansion in South Carolina.

Mr. Carlisle is said to dress with more taste than any man who has occupied the Speaker's chair since the days of Lyman Tremain, of New York. His still patronized by the fashion of the day. His clothes are black, his coat being made of broad cloth, cut after the fashion of some years ago, and his low-cut vest shows a well-measured shirt front.

Joel Wilcox, an eccentric pioneer resident of Milwaukee who died recently, was very fond of animals and was especially attached to his horses. At the approach of the winter he said to a nephew who owns a farm near Milwaukee: "Jim, take my horses out to your place and take good care of them over winter. If I die, shoot them when spring comes and give them decent burial. I don't want to have them abused." He died before spring, and in accordance with his wish his pet steeds were shot and buried.

The Leap Year Privilege.
(From Filiganda Bitter.)
Per Aspera ad Astra.

Some time ago Chief Fortune Cusco, of the Morton House, wrote to a friend in Italy, using the note-paper of the house. He told his friend to send his reply to the address printed at the head of the note-paper. The reply came yesterday, and was addressed as follows:

Chief Fortune Cusco,
Morton House,
Eleventh
New York, N. Y., U. S. A.

Mailed to the Elevator.
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QUEEN OF THE AIR.

A Romance of the Circus.

BY

Police Capt. John Gunner.

Of the Sixty-seventh Street Station.

(Concluded.)

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE EVENING WORLD.]

OE sobered down a little as she answered: "Why, it seems to me as if Mr. Stone didn't speak to me very often, and is never very pleasant to me when I am around. Mrs. Harold—'That is good,' said Mrs. Harold, the other day, 'you look like a younger sister of Emeline.' Isn't that funny, Captain?" and she looked at me inquisitively.

"Yes," I answered, "but these likenesses are common enough. They occur every day. You look a little like Mrs. Stone when you smile."

"And that old gentleman who hangs over the mantelpiece in the parlor is Mrs. Stone's father, and he lives in Providence and is very rich."

Zoe talked herself out, and, after an hour spent with me, waited off, the footman gravely opening the door of the coupe for her. She shot a merry glance back at me as she got in, as much as to say: "See him do that!" and the spirited span whisked Miss Zoe away.

A rich girl in Providence, a baby-girl with Spanish characteristics, put out to a man in Rochester when two weeks old by Dr. Ledyard, the dislike of the child which Mr. Stone showed, and the very strange noticing the remarkable likeness of Zoe to Mrs. Stone—yes, it was a pretty complete romance. All that was needed was to know Zoe's Spanish father.

A month later another carriage and liveried servants drove up to the station door, and a very majestic lady, richly dressed, sailed into my room. I offered her a chair, and, seating herself, she said to me:

"Capt. Gunner, I have a few words to say to you about the young girl whom you brought to my sister some time ago. Mr. Stone for some reason has taken a dislike to the child. He fears she has rather low tastes. She seems so fond of the circus, and I believe at one time she actually wanted to be a circus woman and ride around in a horrid savant's ring!" The lady shuddered. "Well, my sister asked me to allow Zoe to visit me for a few weeks in hopes that Mr. Stone's irritation might disappear. She is fond of the girl herself; so natural, you know!" the lady added hastily, using her handkerchief, "she being childish and passionately fond of children. Then Zoe is a remarkably good-looking girl, that can't be denied. But, Captain, I have become convinced that it was a mistake to take charge of her. I think Mr. Stone's prejudice is somewhat unfounded. The girl has this passion for the circus, as I said.

A Chinaman badly treated.
To the Editor of the Evening World:
I desire to call the attention of your bright little champion of the right to a brutal outrage on the part of a Third avenue, surface-road conductor.

With others, I was a passenger on a Third avenue car going uptown, in charge of Conductor No. 115, shortly after 3.30 yesterday afternoon. At Pell street the car was boarded by an intelligent and well-dressed Chinaman, who quietly seated himself and paid his fare.

When the car had arrived at Houston street several ladies entered, and the Chinaman, as usual, with courteous gesture, and in good English, tendered his seat to one of them. He remained standing, holding onto a strap near the door. He was ordered in a brutal manner by the conductor to move down the car. The Chinaman mildly replied that he had a right where he was, whereupon the conductor shouted that he would take no back talk from a Chinaman and ordered him from the car.

The celestial protested that he had paid his fare, that he had behaved himself, and that he had a right to remain on the car. The polite resistance of the man infuriated the conductor, who dragged the unoffending fellow onto the platform and threw him bodily into the street, despite the cries of "Shame!" from nearly every passenger in the car.

Most of the passengers were reading The Evening World, and I was forced to turn by them to inform the public and the management of the Third avenue surface line of the inhuman conduct of Conductor 115 through the medium of your journal.

ROBERT PECK,
Supt. New York Life Insurance Credit Co.

Here for Business or Pleasure.
Arnold Budgett, of Bristol, England, has rooms at the Hoffman.

Major W. B. Wilson, a Colorado mine-owner, is at the Hoffman.

Simon Murphy, a merchant of Philadelphia, is at the Hoffman.

The St. James's register bears the name of Leo S. Borden, of Elgin.

W. R. Howard, of the firm of Brown & Howard, Chicago, is at the Hoffman.

At the Hotel Dam at least one man's name is Denis A. F. Denis, of Philadelphia.

The Alameda sisters A. F. Walbaum, of Valparaiso, and R. D. Evans, of Boston.

Julius Beyer, the millionaire organ maker of Brattleboro, Vt., has rooms at the Fifth Avenue.

Upon the register of the Gilbey House is the signature of L. E. Kimball, a dry-goods man, of Boston.

Major McCrellin, of Hillhouse, Scotland, looks from his rooms at the Hoffman upon busy New York.

The United States Army is represented at the Hoffman by Lieut. J. E. Kuhn, W. E. Craig-hill and W. H. Combs.

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ains again, but she controlled herself and did not.

"Captain, how did you discover this dreadful secret?" she asked, tremulously.

"Why, madam, how can any one look on the two and fail to perceive the striking likeness?" I answered. "There is only the different coloring in the girl which she owes to her Spanish father."

Mrs. Harold winced and moaned. "You are right. No one could fail to perceive it. Oh, my God! after concealing this scandal for years, how dreadful if it should be revealed now! Poor Emeline! The miserable Cuban who wrought her such harm was handsome enough to make it conceivable. But he was a coarse villain. After the wrong he did to that trusting, beautiful girl, he demanded a hundred thousand dollars before he would make her his wife. My father was a wealthy man, but to pay such toll to a villain, who would probably be a vile husband to our darling, was too much. He refused, but he paid the wretched Escheverria \$5,000 a year to keep the secret. Happily, and Mrs. Harold's eyes snapped, "he was killed by a horse, and the money was lost."

"The very first year—stabbed to the heart and killed instantly by an infuriated brother, who, I am glad to say, was executed by a Southern jury on the ground of emotional insanity. Dr. Ledyard and myself, the apostle of palmistry, did not know they were ignorant that she was the mother of the child."

"Mr. Stone had lost his first wife. He was a kind man, and my father, who had always admired Emeline, He wished to marry her. She refused unless he were first acquainted with her misfortune. He generously consented, and she was moved to the best of wives. But the presence of that child is more than he can bear. And what wonder!"

"You know now why I am so anxious to have the girl put elsewhere. Of course, you will regard this strictly between ourselves. I thought if you knew the whole story you would not be moved to help me."

"Madam, I sympathize most heartily with you. But you do not need my services. I need take no share in anything you wish to do. I propose, if I may know, that you should take prompt action. My share in the business is over."

She composed herself as well as possible and left me. The carriage rolled away and I did not see Mrs. Harold from that day to this.

A year later somebody writing to me from Rochester said: "There was a circus here last night. I have Allen appointed, to have to New York or somewhere, is one of the performers. She is a dandy, too, and does a splendid trapeze act, one of the best I've seen in the West."

Dr. Ledyard I have seen once or twice. He said that Zoe had left the Stones bewitched by the desire of figuring in the ring. Mr. Stone disliking and the coldness of Mrs. Harold had probably helped to drive the girl to taking this course, although Dr. Ledyard said nothing of that.

At the time I saw her so unexpectedly she was pensive with her profession and certainly was an admirable performer. Whether she has ever suspected her relationship to Mrs. Stone I do not know. She said nothing to lead me to think so.

But I cannot help thinking that when Mr. Stone dies Zoe's mother will try to get the Queen of the Air to forsake her theatrical career and circus ring and will take her to Europe and live. The mother's love in her heart is too strong to die out, and Senora Zoe can hardly resist the pleading of a mother's voice when she knows it to be such.

CLIMBES UP IN THE AIR.
Elevated Railroad Passengers Scared by a Burning Switch-House.

Until about 7.40 this morning a switch-house stood near the platform of the elevated railroad at the junction of Forty-second street and Third avenue, on the north side of the shuttle track leading to the Grand Central Depot.

At 7.30 the man in the news-stand at the downtown main-line station discovered a shower of sparks blowing down upon him and, looking up, saw what made him think the whole platform was in flames. The switch-house had caught fire.

For a few minutes confusion reigned. Several of the employees ran to the porter's closet for water, but the water ran so slowly that the efforts were ludicrous. The flames from the switch-house looked the sides of the car and frightened the passengers.

The door by which they had to leave the car was within twenty feet of the switch-house, and two ladies shrieked and almost fainted.

A man in the street ran to the nearest fire box and sent out an alarm. By the time the firemen arrived the switch-house was almost totally destroyed and the flames were working on the adjoining platform and were making headway rapidly. The firemen soon had the fire out.

The stationmen say there was a hot stove in the switch-house and a number of oil rags. The switchman was not in the house when the fire broke out.

CLIMBES AT STATEN ISLAND.
Gun Welding's place is patronized by one-half the population of Tompkinsville.

Harry Denyse, of Tompkinsville, is a good pilot and is commander of the tugboat Indian.

Ernest Bartels, of Clifton, has in his hotel valuable collections of coins, fossils and relics.

Abe Griffin, of Stapleton, is President of several social clubs. He is always found where fun is raging.

Thomas Wilsaw, of Clifton, can be seen in command of a fire company at almost every fire that occurs on Staten Island.

Mark Hartley, of New Brighton, is one of Staten Island's best business men. He has been in the grocery business for more than a score of years.

James Horton is probably one of the youngest railroad conductors in the United States. He is employed on the Rapid Transit road and is well liked by the patrons of the road.

The First Day of Lent.
As this is the first day of Lent special services are being held in the churches. In the Roman Catholic and Episcopal churches the advent of the Lenten season is celebrated in special services. At 11 o'clock Mass, and at 1 o'clock the Lenten service, at which the Rev. Dr. Dix, the Rev. H. A. Adams, the Rev. J. W. Hill, the Rev. J. O'Dell and the Rev. Henry Bowman officiated. In the other Episcopal churches similar services will be held.

In the Roman Catholic churches Mass was celebrated at St. Peter's, in addition to the 8 A. M. and 1 o'clock Masses, a 3 o'clock Mass was celebrated by Father McGrath, which was followed by the distribution of ashes.

A Mammoth Show to be Sold.
The circus property of Doris & Colvin's "mammoth show" will be sold at the fair grounds to St. Louis, Mo., Thursday, Feb. 24. It is divided into nineteen lots. Lot 3 includes a den of lions, a Bengal tiger, a hyena, a Br. Indian, two lion cubs, a zebra, a llama, a sacred ox, a yak, a sable antelope, a pig, two kangaroos, a gazelle and a crocodile. The sale is made by order of the Circuit Court of the city of St. Louis.

Inspector Steers's Daughter Ill.
Inspector Henry V. Steers has been granted five days' leave of absence on account of sickness in his family. His only daughter, Julie, who recently recovered from an attack of pneumonia, is now down with typhoid fever, and Mr. Steers will devote his time for the present to making his sick people comfortable and cheerful.

Found in the East River.
The body of a drowned man was found in the East River, at Ninety-seventh street, to-day. In a pocket of the clothing was a card of membership in Bricklayers' Union No. 37, bearing the name of Patrick Comerford.

James R. G. Bester.
James Bester was better this morning. There is a continued improvement in his condition. His physician now has hopes of his ultimate recovery.

Needs Gentle Handling.
Mr. Stary (who has just bought a yellow monkey on a red stick for his little brother)—Aw, this toy is not very durable, I fancy, aw?

"I have him start." "With proper care, sir, it ought to last you a long time."

A FORTUNE-TELLER'S LUCK.

CASTLE GARDEN ANXIOUSLY AWAITING E. HERON-ALLEN'S APPEARANCE.

His Appointment as Interpreter Used by Commissioner Ulrich's Club Friends—But Is Apt at Languages—The Office Sought Because Palmistry Is Said to be no Longer Profitable in Drawing-Rooms.

Emigration Commissioner Ulrich appears to have played a huge joke upon his colleagues in getting through the appointment of E. Heron-Allen, the fortune-teller, as interpreter at Castle Garden.

The large number of Slavonians that are beginning to emigrate to this country made it necessary to have some one who could interpret their language. Some of Commissioner Ulrich's club friends had called his attention to Mr. Allen, whose profession of tracing the lines of life and of fortune on the human hand has not, it is said, been peculiarly profitable of late, and becoming fascinated by the manner and the fluent speech of the Slavonic tongue, but at he is determined to have him appointed as interpreter of the Slavonic language.

He succeeded on Monday afternoon, and the result is that E. Heron-Allen, who only a few months ago was the pet of drawing-rooms, where he described the past and future to confiding young women, is now trained at Castle Garden. His pay is to be \$1,000 a year.

When it became known that Mr. Allen was everybody about the Garden was amused and his appearance is eagerly awaited. He cannot speak the Slavonic tongue, but as he is adept at learning languages he thinks he can master it in three weeks. In the mean time, it is reported, he will examine the lines of the new arrivals.

Mr. Allen came to this country from London about a year ago. For some time he made considerable money telling the fortunes of the rich people at high table in the city. The usual fee was \$10. Of course he does not expect to get such fees from the immigrants. He called himself a chiropodist. His success in New York extended to many watering places, but his tour through the West is said to have been unprofitable.

Commissioner Ulrich, however, seems, in the matter of the fortune-teller, to have forgotten that his man must comply with the requirements of the civil-service rules. It was rumored at the Garden to-day that the rules will keep Allen out of office. He is not, it is said, a naturalized citizen, and is therefore not eligible. His prospects are not considered bright.

It is rumored that if he does not get the place after all, several mind-readers out of a job will apply for it.

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